2. All things is handſome now my Lord.
Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you ſhall haue your firme reward anon.
Exit murtherers.
Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerſet, and the Cardinall.
King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloſter,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himſelfe.
Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exit Suffolke.*
K. And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainſt our vnckle,
Then by iuſt proofe you can affirme:
For as the ſucking childe or harmleſſe Lambe,
So is he innocent of treaſon to our State.
Enter Suffolke.
How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord of Gloſters dead.
The King fals in a ſound.
Queene. Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.
Suf. Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to ſing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can ſatisfie my greefes, or eaſe my heart?
Thou balefull meſſenger out of my ſight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther ſits:
Yet do not goe. Come Baſiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had cauſd Duke *Humfries* death?
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had beſt ſay that I did murther him.
King. Ah woe is me for wretched Gloſters death.
Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:
What doſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the ſea,
And

And thrice by aukward winds
What might it bode, but that
Winds ſaid, Seeke not a ſcorpi
Enter the Earles of W
War. My Lord, The Comm
Run vp and downe, caring not
For good Duke *Humfries* deat
To be murthered by *Suffolke*
King. That he is dead good
But how he dyed God knowe
War. Enter his priuy chamb
Good father ſtay you with the
Salisb. I will ſonne.
Warwicke drawes the Curt
frey
King. Ah Vnkle Gloſter, heau
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy no
War. Now by his ſoule that
To free vs from his Fathers dre
I am reſolu'd that violent han
Vpon the life of this thrice fam
Suf. A dreadfull oath, ſwo
What inſtance giues Lord *War*
War. Oft haue I ſeene a time
Of aſhy ſemblance, pale and b
But loe the blood is ſetled in
More better coloured then wh
His well proportion'd beard
His fingers ſpred abroad as on
Yet was by ſtrength ſurpriſd,
It cannot chooſe but he was
Qu. Suffolke, and the Card
And they I truſt ſir, are no mur
War. I, but tis well knowne
And tis well ſeene he found fo
Card. But haue ye no grea
War. Who ſees a heyfer de

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG